



Something Sweet Cooking at No. 83 A.B. BOB TURNER

IT was a nice, bright day in September when our reporter called at 83, Hubert Grove, Stockwell, to see your mother, A.B. Bob Turner. Even so, being an English summer, a bright coal fire in the kitchen burned to welcome him.

Mum says Dorothy and Rosemary and Bert are all well and send their love, and Dad's message is — keep smiling. Mum was about to make some toffee, and remarked, "I guess Bob would like a piece of this!"

All your pals at Ashbury have been enquiring about you, and say no wonder the war is going on so well now you're on Submarines!

Dad's keeping the old bike in trim for you, Bob, and promises himself a ride to test it out occasionally.

Cheerio and chin up, Bob. Mum and Dad ask "Good Morning" to send you a special, printed instalment of love and wishes from them. And here it is.

ALL PRESENT for A.B. Ron James

WHEN our reporter called at 170, Henry Prince Estate, Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, A.B. Ronald Andrew James, Dad was just finishing shaving, and Mum was outside collecting the washing, it being one of the best days of September.

Tommy, Doug, Joyce and Gloria were home, and Prince nearly licked him to death as he was trying to collect a few items of news for you.

Charlie's Billiard Hall is still standing after the fly-bomb raids, and the boys down there will be glad to see you back making the big breaks.

Paddy got leave from his ship and was married on Saturday to Dolly (Ginger Rogers).

The kiddies are all home now, and they say they liked it very much down at Watford, but there's no place like home.

Doug says it's a pity you didn't fix up your bike because he could have been wearing it out for you.

Cousin Arthur has just qualified to be a pilot in the R.A.F., and is looking as fit as a fiddle.

Your old pal, Dennis, came down to join in the family group photograph. And now Mum and Dad are going across to the Half-way House to have the "usual," and Dad to have his game of darts with the lads.

Cheerio, good luck and God bless you, Ron, is the message from everyone.

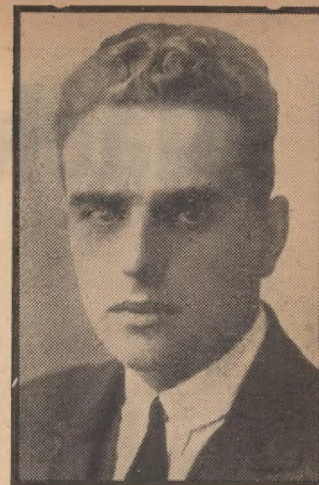


DECLARED HER INNOCENT—BUT KEPT HER LETTERS

LAST week I wrote about a woman who tried to take the blame of murder off the shoulders of her lover.

This week I write about a man who tried to do the same thing about a woman. There is an old cynicism which says: "Do right, and fear no man; don't write, and fear no woman." Had Frederick Bywaters not kept the letters of his lady-love he might have escaped the gallows. Mrs. Edith Thompson was more cute. She destroyed all the letters of Bywaters. Maybe she had to, since she was living with her husband, whom Bywaters murdered.

How, then, did she come to the gallows with him? Because she was judged by her letters to be an accessory before the fact and to have urged him to the deed.



Frederick Bywaters

Stuart Martin Tells "WHAT THE CROOK FORGOT"

THE triangle in itself was commonplace. When Sir Lancelot rides by and sees a lady whom he thinks is in distress at the hands of her husband, and when the lady sees the one she thinks is to be the knight to deliver her, there is bound to be trouble.

If Sir Lancelot is young and lacking in worldly experience and the sense of caution, and if Juno stirs the flame of his passion to white heat, yet tries to dodge between the conventions—then things happen that rush to the culminating point of tragedy.

Mrs. Edith Thompson was a cashier in a firm in London, a statuesque figure, the type that attracts some men. She lived with her husband at Ilford, who also went to his business. She was making good money.

Bywaters was something in the purser's department, or a steward, on board a liner. He had been East and West, and he lived with the Thompsons when he was not at sea. He went for a holiday to the coast with them; and he and Edith Thompson became very much attached to each other.

When he was at sea he wrote passionate letters to her, and she wrote very passionate ones to him. She told him how she "hated" her husband, how she wanted to be with Bywaters for ever, and so on.

Relations between Thompson and his wife went from bad to worse, and once, when Bywaters came home, Thompson refused to have him staying at Ilford with them. In her letters to him when he went back to sea, Mrs. Thompson made suggestions which were interpreted as urging Bywaters to try to get poison for Thompson. Phrases were construed as meaning that she herself had tried broken glass and suchlike methods.

Thompson, apparently rather a conventional, unromantic man, knew of the attachment between his wife and Bywaters, but apparently he did not know of the fury of that passion. (It has always been a matter of surprise to me that people in such circumstances should contemplate murder when the law can settle their problems without bloodshed and violence.)

Anyhow, back came Bywaters from the sea. He called at Edith Thompson's place of business to take her out to tea, and hoped she would go to some amusement that evening. But she said she couldn't. She and her husband were booked for the Criterion Theatre. They had an argument—and, in Bywaters' own words, they parted "brass rags."

Did she love him or not? Sir Lancelot thought she was playing with him. Lovers quarrel! He did not believe she was going to the theatre that evening. He had hungered at sea for her company, and to be turned down...

There was only one barrier between them, and that barrier was stolid Thompson, the husband! What passed in Bywaters' mind that evening those of you who have gone through love's torments can guess. Those of you who have not will never know.

Bywaters went to Edith's people and asked them if they knew where she was. They told him she was going to the theatre. Oh, was she? So off this unhappy, passionate Lancelot went to the theatre, hoping to see them as they came out at the end of the performance. He did not see them, but he knew their way home. He went to the railway station, and there he saw them getting into the train. He got in, too, in another coach.

All this was the act of a young man very much consumed by jealousy, poor devil. At Ilford they got out, and Bywaters followed. He saw them enter a dark street... he saw Thompson put his arm round his wife's waist... and Lancelot saw red.

The green monster took possession of him then. He believed—in a sudden rush of consuming disbelief and shattering fury—that Edith did not "hate" her husband, that she had been playing with him (Bywaters). I am putting up no defence for him, but I believe that in that moment he went mad. He drew a knife, ran towards them, pulled Mrs. Thompson away, and stabbed, stabbed, at the husband.

Thompson fell, covered with blood. Mrs. Thompson shrieked, people came to the scene. They found her supporting her husband and wailing, "Oh, why did Freddy Bywaters do it!"

I remember the morning when the police invited her to Scotland Yard to hear her story. She did not know till she passed through a room that Freddy Bywaters was also there for questioning. That shook both of them.

From the first Bywaters insisted that she was innocent. He told the police where he had thrown the knife down a drain; and they got it there. But they went to his property, too, and, tied up in a bundle, they found her letters. And these letters netted her in as "accessory before the fact."

I do not remember any instance where the public took sides so vehemently as in their trial at the Old Bailey on 12th December, 1922. All Britain was thrilled in the case. For the most part, women condemned Mrs. Thompson, and for the most part men would have let her free.

But the law was not concerned with the public. The jury were told the law; and Bywaters and Edith Thompson were both condemned to death.

I sat in court at the verdict. I saw her standing stiff and strained. I saw him holding himself in check. And as the word "Guilty" rang through the court, I saw, as she gripped the rail in front of her, that the little finger of her right hand was under the rail. I saw the wave of shock pass through her frame, and that little finger bent back to an unnatural angle as her hands tightened. I thought that finger would break.

People said they would never hang a woman; they believed the appeal would succeed, if not in Bywaters' case, then certainly in Edith Thompson's. There were petitions to the Home Office, asking for mitigation of the sentence. The petitions were thrust aside.

I do not think any hanging ever exerted a more disturbing effect on people in this country. I have records which show that people in Scotland, in Devon, in many parts of Britain, did not sleep much the night before the executions. They dreaded the scene that was to be enacted at nine o'clock next morning.

I can take you inside the prison of Pentonville and show you the last few hours of Bywaters' life here. He was a handsome lad, tanned face, usually merry blue eyes, curly hair. Major Wallace Blake was Governor of the prison then, and out of pity he sent for Bywaters on the evening before from the condemned cell.

They sat and talked and smoked cigarettes. Deliberately the Governor led the conversation to foreign scenes which Bywaters had visited. He had sent for the boy because during the afternoon of that day he had looked into the cell and seen Bywaters sitting, head between his hands, staring into vacancy.

So they talked of Aden, of Port Said, of Malta and Gibraltar. Bywaters could talk, recalling places. And then suddenly he stopped; he remembered.

"About to-morrow, sir," he said quietly. "It will be pretty quick, won't it?"

"Very quick, my lad."

Silence; then—"Will you favour me with a call to-morrow morning for a last talk?"

The Governor promised. And the next morning at 8.30 Major Blake went to him.

And there, while the hangman was waiting elsewhere, Bywaters shook the Governor's hand.

"It's her I want to speak about," he said falteringly. "I can't bear to think of them mauling her about."

"They will be very gentle," replied the Governor. "Don't think of it. There is only a minute or two left..."

And then the door opened and they came in for him.

He went out between warders, head high, step firm. They marched him off to the shed and launched him on his



Edith Thompson

final trip. His last thought was of her he always declared innocent.

There is a tail-piece to all this. Later, the Home Office, alleging that Major Blake had written in an article that Bywaters had "confessed," brought an action against him. He, too, was tried at the Old Bailey. They brought warders to say that Bywaters had not confessed to them, and that Major Blake had not reported any such confession, nor had he

The steel shortage caused by the war became so acute in India that offices took to using thorns from a species of native bush to replace the non-existent pins.

The order to "Break step" is still given to troops crossing a bridge. The vibration set up by a company of soldiers marching across it in step is sufficient to shatter the steel girders.

notified it in any way to the Home Office, as it was his duty to do. Prison rules are very strict.

Major Blake escaped prison, but was fined heavily, and the Home Office was satisfied. Major Blake died not long after—heart trouble.

And another tail-piece. The hangman who executed Bywaters was John Ellis. He had executed about 200 persons, but he tried to commit suicide not long afterwards, and it was stated in a newspaper that his experience in hanging Mrs. Thompson "drove him" to that extreme attempt.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Black Skinned—but he died like a white man

WE left Durban at the end of January and it was the second week in May when we camped near Sitanda's Kraal. The wagon and oxen we left in the immediate charge of Goza and Tom, the driver and leader, both of them trustworthy boys, requesting a worthy Scotch missionary who lived in this wild place to keep an eye to it.

Then, accompanied by Umbopa, Khiva, Ventvogel, and half a dozen bearers, whom we hired on the spot, we started off on foot upon our wild quest.

About a fortnight's march from Inyati we came across a peculiarly beautiful bit of fairly-watered wooded country. The kloofs in the hills were covered with dense bush, and there were great quantities of the beautiful "machabell" tree, laden with refreshing yellow fruit with enormous stones. This tree is the elephant's favourite food, and there were not wanting signs that the great brutes were about.

At the foot of a bush-clad hill was a dry river-bed, in which however, were to be found pools of crystal water all trodden round with the hoof-prints of game.

As we emerged into this river-bed path we suddenly started a troop of tall giraffes, who sailed off, with their strange gait, their tails screwed up over their backs, and their hoofs rattling like castanets.

They were about three hundred yards from us, and therefore practically out of shot, but Good, who was walking ahead, and had an express loaded with solid ball in his hand, could not resist, but upped gun and let drive at the last, a young cow. By some extraordinary chance

the ball struck it full on the back of the neck, shattering the spinal column, and that giraffe went rolling head over heels just like a rabbit.

"Ou, Bougwan," ejaculated the Kaffirs; "ou! ou!"

They called Good "Bougwan" (glass eye) because of his eyeglass. "Oh, 'Bougwan!'" re-echoed

Sir Henry and I, and from that day Good's reputation as a marvellous shot was established, at any rate among the Kaffirs. Really he was a bad one, but whenever he missed we overlooked it for the sake of that giraffe.

Soon our dinner of giraffe steaks and roasted marrow-bones was ready. How we enjoyed those marrow-bones, though it was rather a job to crack them!

Presently, from the depths of the bush behind us, came a loud "woof, woof!" "That's a lion," said I, and we all started up to listen. Hardly had we done so, when from the pool, about a hundred yards off, came the strident trumpeting of an elephant, and a few minutes afterwards we saw a succession of vast shadowy forms moving slowly from the direction of the water towards the bush.

The Elephant Hunt

Up jumped Good, burning for slaughter, and thinking, perhaps that it was as easy to kill elephant as he had found it to shoot giraffe, but I caught him by the arm and pulled him down.

"It's no good," I said, "let them go."

Suddenly from the direction which we saw a confused mass,

of the water came a sound of violent scuffling, and next instant there broke upon our ears a succession of the most awful roars. There was no mistaking what they came from; only a lion could make such a noise as that. We all jumped up and looked towards the water, in the direction of

yellow and black in colour, staggering and struggling towards us. We seized our rifles and slipping on our veldtschoons (shoes made of untanned hide), ran towards it.

On the grass there lay a sable antelope bull—the most beautiful of all the African antelopes—quite dead, and transfixed by its great curved horns was a magnificent black-maned lion, also dead. What had happened evidently was this. The sable antelope had come down to drink at the pool where the lion—no doubt the same we had heard—had been lying in wait.

While the antelope was drinking the lion had sprung upon him, but was received upon the sharp curved horns and transfixed. The lion, unable to free himself, had torn and bitten at the back and neck of the bull, which, maddened with fear and pain, had rushed on till it dropped dead.

As soon as we had examined the dead beasts we went in and lay down, to wake no more till dawn.

With the first light we were up and making ready for the fray. We took with us the three eight-bore rifles, a good supply of ammunition, and our large water-bottles, filled with weak cold tea, which I have always found the best stuff to shoot on. After swallowing a little breakfast we started, Umbopa, Khiva, and Ventvogel accompanying us.

We had no difficulty in finding the broad elephant trail. But it was nine o'clock, and already very hot, before, from the broken trees, bruised leaves and bark,

and smoking dung, we knew we could not be far off them.

Presently we caught sight of the herd, numbering between twenty and thirty, standing in a hollow, having finished their morning meal, and flapping their great ears.

Just in front of us and broad-side on stood three splendid bulls, one of them with enormous tusks. I whispered to the others that I would take the middle one; Sir Henry covered the one to the left, and Good the bull with the big tusks. "Now," I whispered.

Boom! boom! boom! went the three heavy rifles, and down went Sir Henry's elephant dead as a hammer, shot right through the heart. Mine fell on to its knees and I thought he was going to die, but in another moment he was up and off tearing along straight past me. As he went I gave him the second barrel in the ribs, and this brought him down in good earnest. Then I turned to see how Good had fared with the big bull, which I had heard screaming with rage and pain as I gave mine its quietus. On reaching the captain I found him in a great state of excitement. It appeared that on receiving the bullet the bull had turned and come straight for his assailant, who had barely time to get out of his way, and then charged blindly on past him, in the direction of our encampment. Meanwhile the herd had crashed off in wild alarm in the other direction.

We struggled on under a broiling sun for over two hours before we found them. They were, with the exception of one bull, standing together, and I could see, from the manner in which they kept lifting their trunks to test the air, that they were on the lookout for mischief. The solitary bull stood fifty yards or so this side of the herd over which he was evidently keeping sentry, and about sixty yards from us.

A Pain-maddened "Bull"

We all aimed at this bull, and at my whispered word fired. All three shots took effect, and down he went dead. Again the herd started on, but unfortunately for them about a hundred yards farther on was a nullah, or dried water track, with steep banks. Into this the elephants plunged, and when we reached the edge we found them struggling in wild confusion to get up the other bank.

Now was our opportunity, and firing away as quickly as we could load we killed five of the poor beasts, and no doubt should have bagged the whole herd had they not suddenly given up their attempts to climb the bank and rushed headlong down the nullah. We were too tired to follow them, and perhaps also a little sick of slaughter, eight elephants being a pretty good bag for one day.

So after we had rested a little, and the Kaffirs had, out out the hearts of two of the dead elephants for supper, we started homewards, having made up our minds to send the bearers on the morrow to chop out the tusks.

Shortly after we had passed the spot where Good had wounded the patriarchal bull we came across a herd of eland. As Good was anxious to get a near view of them, never having seen an eland close, he handed his rifle to Umbopa, and, followed by Khiva, strolled up to the patch of bush.

Suddenly we heard an elephant scream, and saw its huge and charging form with uplifted trunk and tail silhouetted against the great red globe of the sun. Next second we saw Good and Khiva tearing back towards us with the wounded bull (for it was he) charging after them. For a moment we did not

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

dare to fire for fear of hitting one of them, and the next a dreadful thing happened—Good slipped, and down he went on his face right in front of the elephant.

We gave a gasp, for we knew he must die, and ran as hard as we could towards him. In three seconds it had ended, but not as we thought. Khiva, the Zulu boy, had seen his master fall, and brave lad that he was, had turned and flung his assegai straight into the elephant's face, it stuck in his trunk.

With a scream of pain the brute seized the poor Zulu, hurled him to the earth, and placing his huge foot on to his body about the middle, twined his trunk round his upper part and tore him in two.

We rushed up mad with horror, and fired again and again, and presently the elephant fell upon the fragments of the Zulu. (To be continued)

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 7

1. How many properties can you think of which oak and butter have in common?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 492, 381, 561, 473, 396, 528.
3. When George said "Cheese," Fred said "Caves." What word linked these two ideas in Fred's mind?
4. A, B and D are in a straight line, and so are A, C and D. C and D are at equal distances from B, but it is farther from A to B than from C to D. The distance from A to D is four times that from B to C, C being two miles from A. How far is it from B to D? (Answers in No. 485.)

Answers to Test in No. 483.

1. You cannot have railways without rails and locomotives. False, for you can have horse-drawn railways.
2. Grey is a colour; others are not.
3. Hay, or Nebuchadnezzar (who ate grass).
4. (a) Yes, (b) No, (c) No, (d) No.

QUIZ for today

1. Metheglin is a Stone Age monument, prehistoric monster, drink made from honey, a Scandinavian giant?
2. What is the correct name for a group of (a) goldfinches, (b) geese in flight?
3. For what girls' names are the following "short"? (a) Biddy, (b) Caddie, (c) Casy.
4. On what tree does the sloe grow?
5. What is the name of the pipe on bagpipes which produces the melody, and how many notes does it play?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Sustenance, Susuration, Surrender, Sureptitious, Superstitious.

Answers to Quiz in No. 483

1. Immigrant.
2. (a) Down, (b) Haras.
3. (a) Eleanora or Honoria, (b) Winifred or Nancy, (c) Barbara.
4. Blow-pipe, Chanter, and Drones.
5. Hawthorn or May.
6. Meridian, Mendicant.

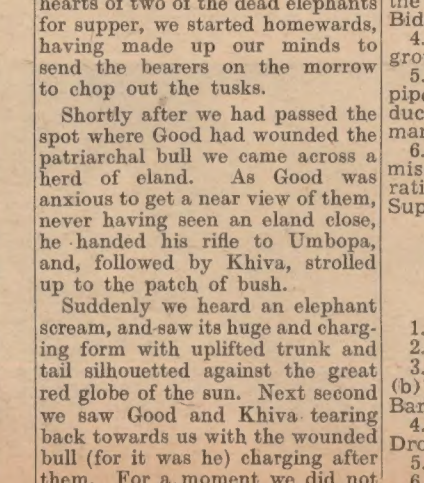
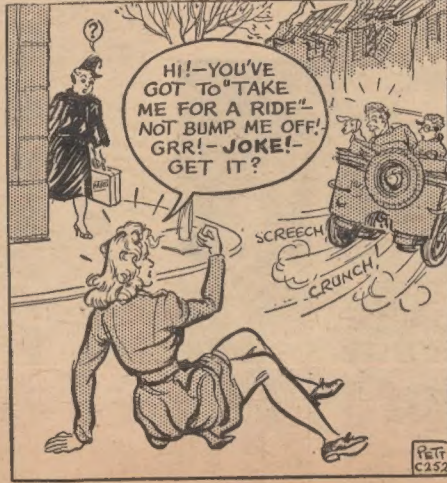
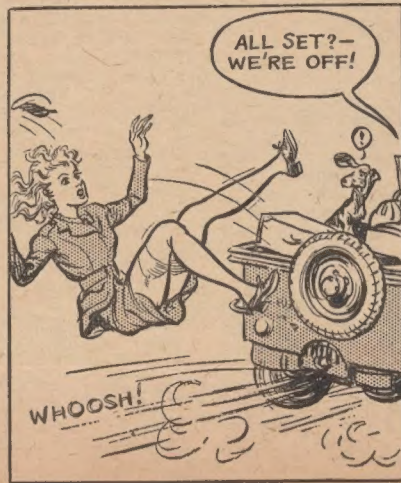
WANGLING WORDS—423

1. Put flashy in CS and make swarms.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make three cathedral cities: HETCRES, HAD RUM, GO TO PURE HERB.
3. In the following four planets the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they?—(a) 263489, (b) 9573495, (c) 0471358, (d) 486942.
4. Find the two hidden animals in: I came loaded up to the eye-brows, and a folio nearly got lost on the way.

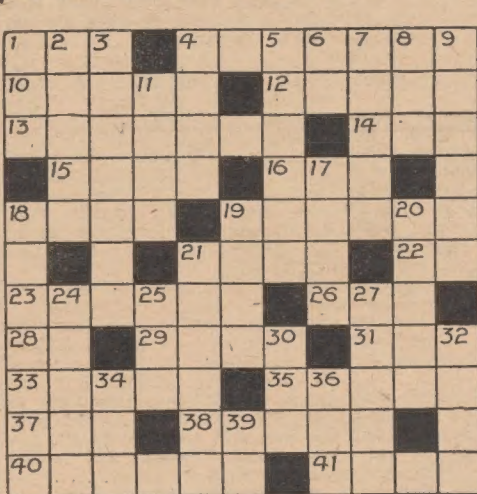
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 422

1. CAPTURE.
2. Aberdeen (Dee and Don), Winchester (Itchen), Lewes (Ouse).
3. Cowper, Campbell, Pope, Arnold, Landor.
4. T-rout, Bre-am.

JANE

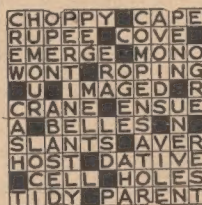


CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

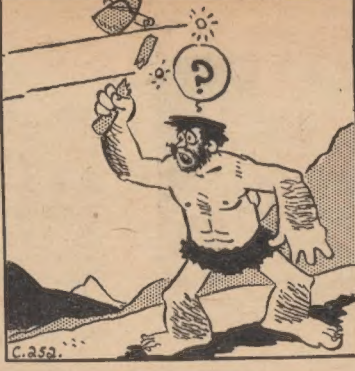
- 1 Reptile.
- 4 Litter.
- 10 Grub.
- 12 Unaffected.
- 13 Girl's name.
- 14 Pile.
- 15 Furnish.
- 16 Urge.
- 18 Performed.
- 19 Seldom.
- 21 African.
- 22 Because.
- 23 Water-larva.
- 26 Inferior.
- 28 Supposing.
- 29 Also.
- 31 Stitch.
- 33 Paste.
- 35 Believe.
- 37 Go astray.
- 38 Receded.
- 40 Guard.
- 41 Look after.



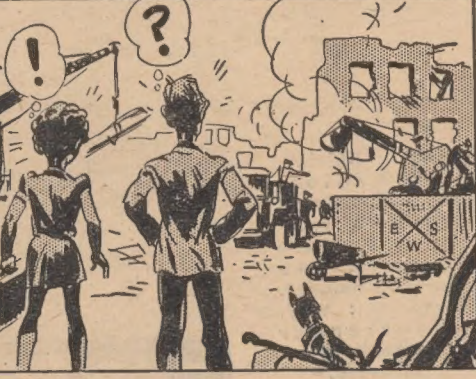
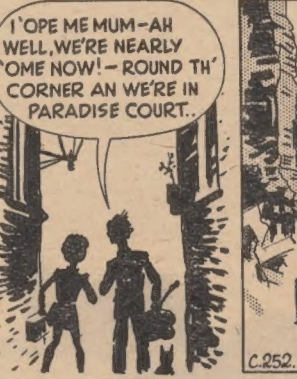
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Drink.
- 2 Salute.
- 3 Trimmed with beak.
- 4 Tilt.
- 5 Illusive.
- 6 Thanks.
- 7 Colour slightly.
- 8 Girl's name.
- 9 Requisites.
- 11 Ornamental vessel.
- 17 Get by digging.
- 18 Resolves.
- 19 Stratagem.
- 20 Burdened.
- 21 Stringed instrument.
- 24 In front of.
- 25 Poke.
- 27 Away.
- 30 Rabble.
- 32 Wild plant.
- 34 Vase.
- 36 Favourite.
- 39 Through.

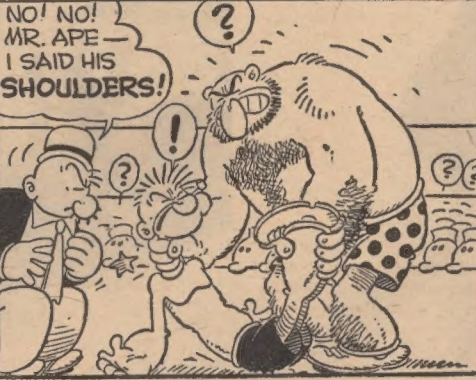
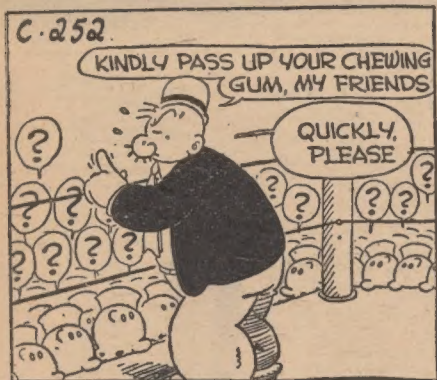
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



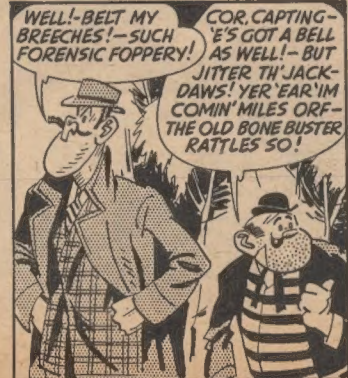
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Their Foolish Things

By Gordon Rich

JUST a hundred years ago died William Beckford, M.P., author of the Oriental romance, "Vathek," which led him to be proclaimed by some of his contemporaries, including Byron, one of the greatest writers of all time. To-day, Beckford is remembered not for "Vathek," which no one ever reads, or even for his contributions to his country as Member of Parliament, but only for the gigantic "Folly" which he erected at his family seat in Wiltshire.

On this folly Beckford spent the greater part of the fortune of a million pounds that was left to him. He enclosed several square miles with a gigantic wall, and behind this began building feverishly. So anxious was he to build that he insisted on the workmen doing day and night shifts, lighting up the countryside with countless torches so that work could go on! And what was he building? The family home was Fonthill Abbey, and to this Beckford decided to add some "classic" ruins and a tower!

The tower was an obsession with him. He built the first one so fast that it fell almost immediately, adding ruins he had not designed to his folly. A second one was put up, and then Beckford began giving parties. These were of Oriental lavishness, with bands to accompany guests all the way from the road, masses of silver plate, and endless servants and dishes. He stuffed the Abbey with antiques from all over Europe, and the library with precious books.

Even Beckford's money gave out eventually, however, and he had to sell up. So great was the curiosity of people that 30,000 copies of the sale catalogue at one guinea each were sold. Beckford himself retired to Bath, where he had built another "folly," a tall pseudo-Italian tower on Lansdowne Hill, that enabled him to see his beloved Fonthill in the distance! To-day he lies buried under the tower.

Towers are a favourite form of "folly" in Britain, and they have been built for almost every imaginable—and some unimaginable—reason. A tall tower at Hadlow, in Kent, is an imitation of the belfry at Bruges, but the owner built it, not for a carillon, but for the view. He wanted to see the sea forty miles away, and was willing to spend a sum estimated at £10,000 for the purpose. A tower in Dorsetshire is supposed to have had its origin in the marriage of a wealthy but elderly gentleman to a young wife. The wife liked riding and hunting, and her husband had the tower built so that he could keep an eye on her when she was out anywhere in the surrounding countryside!

The tower on Leith Hill, which is a landmark on the southern approach to London, was built in 1766 by Richard Hull so that he could have unique views. It is said that in favourable conditions it is possible to see the sea from it. Hull was buried under it.

Yet another tower is at Little Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, and is known as "Stratton's Folly." The builder was a City man at the end of the 18th century, who wanted to enjoy the pleasure of looking at his ships entering the Thames many miles away when he was in his country home.

Another Thames-view tower was quite a modest affair in wood, built in Cobham Woods, near Gravesend. It was erected in 1882 by the Earl of Darnley, who wanted to see the M.C.C. team, captained by his son, the Hon. Ivo Bligh, sail for Australia. From the tower the Earl welcomed his son's return some months later—with the "Ashes" and a bride!

All these follies, it will be noticed, are in the South of England, and it is true that people in the North seem to have spent their money less freely on eccentricities of bricks and mortar. But there is a famous folly at Halifax, a tower 250 feet high, with an astonishing story. About seventy years ago a man named Wainhouse built a tall chimney for his factory. A neighbour claimed that it was a nuisance, as, apart from the smoke, it "usurped the privacy of his grounds." Wainhouse thereupon surrounded the chimney with a tower, complete with winding staircase and "minaret" on top, from which he could really overlook his neighbour's property! The tower is now owned by the Corporation.

Another strange North country "folly" is what appears to be simply the pointed part of a church steeple built in the middle of a field. Its origin was a bet between a farmer and a rival that a church could be seen from his house. The farmer secretly built the dummy steeple-top so that when anyone looked out they thought they could see the top of the church in the distance!

There are plenty of follies in other countries. One, reputed to have cost £340,000, is a chateau on the Loire, which is entirely modern. It was erected by Sir Henry Pellatt after he had made a fortune, was inspired by pictures of the chateaux of the Loire to erect one which had the ancient architecture with every modern amenity. Unfortunately, at the moment of completion he met with financial reverses.

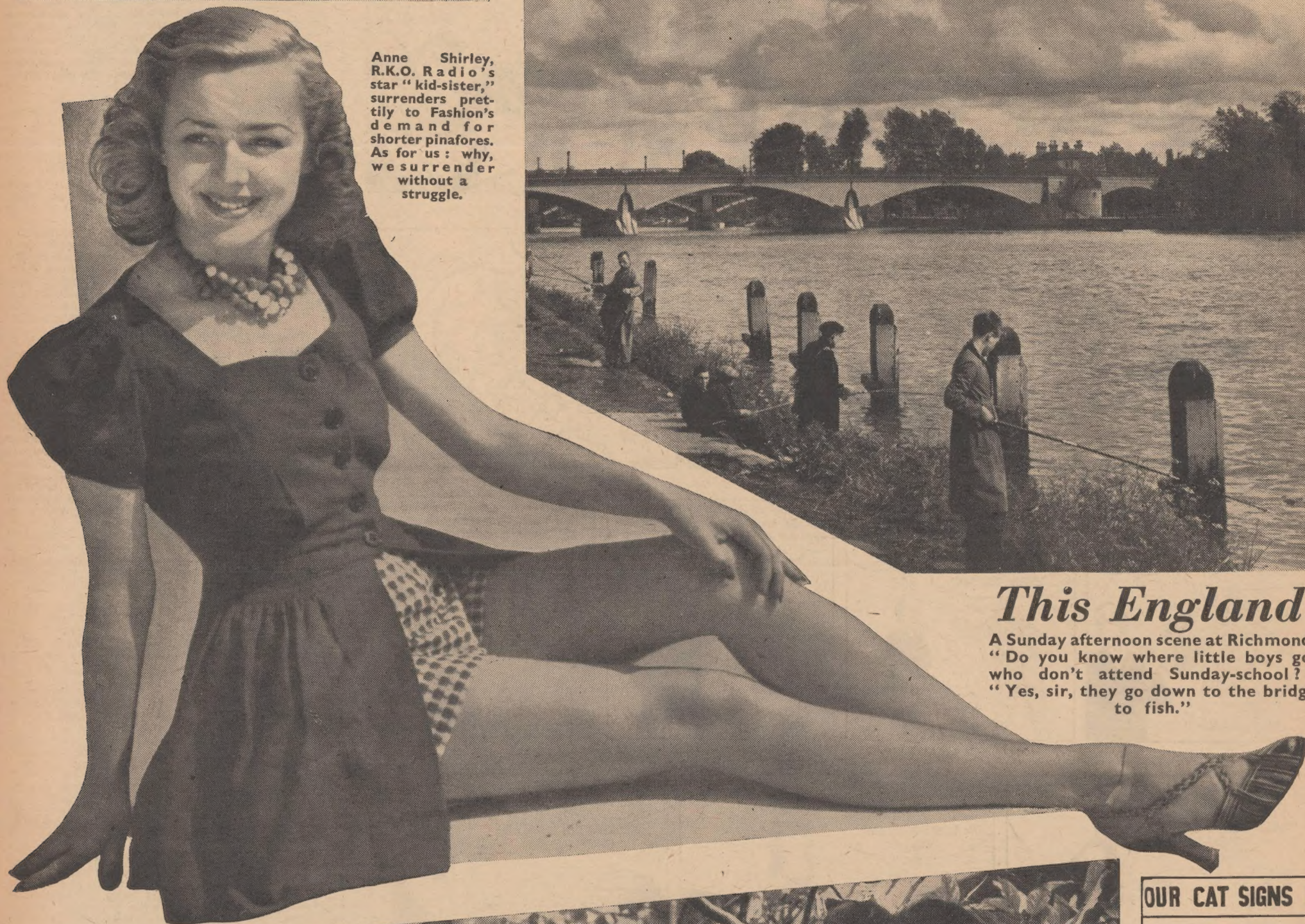
The building was sold, became in turn a luxury hotel and a "jazz palace," but could not be made to pay, and was empty for a long time. Some years ago the local authorities said that, apart from losing the rates, they were tired of spending £1,000 a year on its upkeep, and they proposed to demolish it.

Good
Morning

"Pray excuse me, Sir, but you flatter yourself, if you imagine that my interest is due to other than politeness."

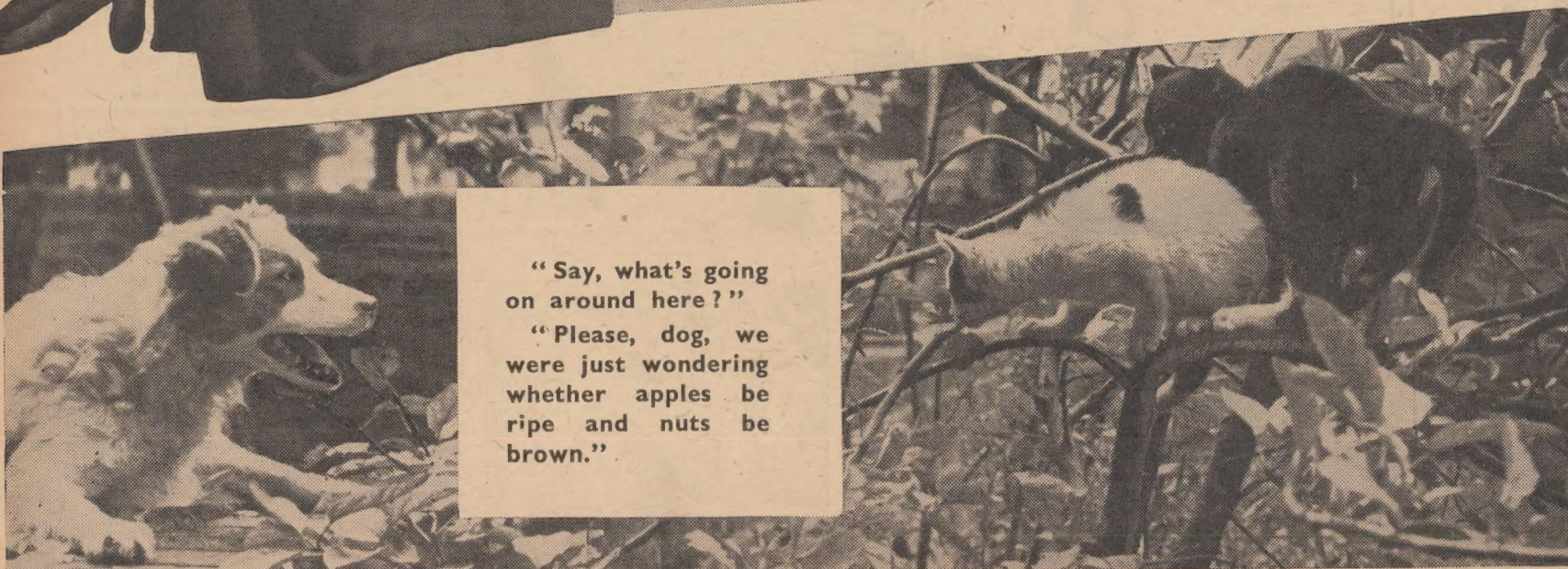


Anne Shirley, R.K.O. Radio's star "kid-sister," surrenders prettily to Fashion's demand for shorter pinafores. As for us: why, we surrender without a struggle.



This England

A Sunday afternoon scene at Richmond.
"Do you know where little boys go, who don't attend Sunday-school?"
"Yes, sir, they go down to the bridge to fish."



"Say, what's going on around here?"

"Please, dog, we were just wondering whether apples be ripe and nuts be brown."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ho! I know that one, the saucy cats."

